

**GREEK
ANTHOLOGY**

133

LOVE-EPIGRAMS

IN

ENGLISH VERSE

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Love-Epigrams

TURNED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY THE REV.

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UPB



LOVE-EPIGRAMS

I

PROLOGUE

ΜΗ ΖΗΤΕΙ ΔΕΛΤΟΙΣΙΝ ΕΜΑΙΣ

[STRATON : xij, 2]

SEEK not in these leaves of mine
Priam at the altar-shrine :
Look not for Medeä's woes,
Nor for Niobé's ill throes :

Nor for chamber'd Itys' grief,
Nor for night-cocks on the leaf :
For of all such manner stuff
Former bardies wrote enough.

But the blitheful Graces iij,
And sweet Eros ye shall see,
Blent with Bacchus ; and, I wot,
Serious looks become them not.

II

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED

(MELEAGER : V, 177)

ΚΗΡΥΣΣΩ ΤΟΝ ΕΡΩΤΑ

O Yez ! Now, e'en now, the child
Eros hath, like mad-cap wild,
Left his couch ere blink o' day,
O'er the fell and far away.

Ken him by his honey-tear,
Prattle, light-foot, roguish leer,
Pertness. Girt with quiver fair,
Pair of wings his shoulders bear.

Who begat him ? God it wot ;
Earth, air, water own him not,
Loath'd by all folk everywhere :
Look lest thee too he ensnare.

Yet, behold him run to ground :
Bow-boy, your abode is found.
Now your hiding-place I spy,
In Zenophilé's bright eye.

SIMPLEX MVNDITIIS

ΟΥΤΕ ΡΟΔΟΝ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΩΝ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 270]

NO rose requireth garland;
 And, noble dame, I trow,
 No trailing robe of glory,
 No gem-set head-dress thou.

With thy fair hue no pearl-stone
 For beauty can compare,
 Nor gold outshine the lustre
 Of thine unbroided hair.

The stone of Inde, the jacinth,
 Though brightsome be his beams,
 Beside thy crystal peepers,
 How dim and dull it seems!

That dewy lip, that manner,
 That honey-blended mien,
 In perfect tune, is magick
 As the zone of Paphos queen.

All this un-doth me; only
 There ling'reth in thine eyes
 A look, to soothe my doubting,
 Sweet hope to win the prize.

IV

LOVE THE MAN-QUELLER

ΑΙΣΣΟΜ' ΕΡΩΣ

[MELEAGER : V, 215]

PRithee, Eros, let mine acheful,
 Ever wakeful,
 Love for Heliodora rest :
 Listen to my Muse's ditty,
 Hear in pity
 Her importunate request.

For I swear it, cruel bow-man,
 Bitter foe-man,
 Mark-man at my targe alone ;
 I dare swear it, by thine arrow,
 Taught to harrow
 Ne'er a heart except mine own,

If indeed thou wilt pursue me,
 And un-do me,
 I will leave behind me scroll,
 Saying, 'Stranger, here discover
 How a lover
 Was by Eros kill'd, poor soul.'

V

CAVE CANEM

ΑΝΕΡΑ ΛΥΣΣΗΤΗΡΙ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 266]

IF a mad-dog bite a man,
 'Tis, they say, expected
 That on water he shall scan
 Form of beast reflected.

May be, mad-cap Eros' tooth
 Hath so, at this season,
 Nipt my liver, that in sooth
 I'm e'en reft of reason.

For I now behold thy face,
 Lady, blithe and merry,
 In the mere, the mill-stream race,
 In my glafs of sherry.

VI

HARD HIT

ΑΗΕΟΝ ΕΡΩΣ

[MAKEDONIOS : V, 224]

CEase firing, Eros, at my heart
 And liver : be 't your will
 To hit me, to some other part,
 For target, turn your skill.

VII

PHILODEMOS DEMOPHILOS

ΗΡΑΣΘΗΝ ΔΗΜΟΥΣ

(PHILODEMOS : v, 115)

I Loved a maid of Paphos isle,
One Demo : then, if under
The spell of one more Demo's smile,
From Samos, why what wonder ?

A third Iönic Demo flame
Was next my love-disorder ;
No trifle this, till Demo came,
The fourth, from Argos border.

Forsooth the Fates, that are above,
Surnamed me very rightly
As *Philodemos*, for the love
Of Demo grips me tightly.

VIII

EROS THE POTTER

(MELEAGER : v, 155)

ΕΝΤΟΣ ΕΜΗΣ ΚΡΑΔΙΗΣ

IN my heart hath none but Eros
Moulded her whose voice to me
Is as honey ; Heliodora.
O my soul, thy soul is she.

IX
TO THE LADY GRACE

ΤΡΕΙΣ ΕΣΑΝ ΑΙ ΧΑΡΙΤΕΣ

[ANON. ix, 515]

THree-fold of yore, three-fold, no more,
The Graces were accounted;
But with thy birth, fair Grace, on earth,
To four their number mounted.

Aliter

Three were the Graces; thou, as fourth wast born,
Thyself with grace the Graces to adorn.

X
LOVE WILL OUT
ΑΡΝΕΙΤΑΙ ΤΟΝ ΕΡΩΤΑ

(RVFINVS : v, 87)

LEt Melissa deny Cupid's arrow; her whole
Body tells of his quiver-ful lodged in her soul :
Her irresolute gait, her quick beat o' the heart,
Hollow base of her eyes, mean the wounds of his dart.
Ye Desires, afore Venus, your garlanded dame,
Fire this obstinate lass till she cries, 'I'm aflame.'

XI

A COVENANT-BREAKER

ΔΗΘΥΝΕΙ ΚΛΕΟΦΑΝΤΙΣ

(PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 279)

Long time tarries Kleopantis;
And the third lamp in my bow'r
Now begins to flicker, wafting,
And in silence, hour by hour.

Would the fire-brand in my bosom
Were extinguish'd with that light !
Would it ceased to scorch a lover,
Wakeful through the live-long night !

Ah ! how oft she swore by Cypris
To be here at even-fall ;
But for man, for god, or goddess,
No regard hath she at all.

XII

HER VOICE

ΝΑΙ ΤΟΝ ΕΡΩΤΑ

(MELEAGER : V, 141)

BE Eros witness : lay my choice
Between Apollo's lute
And found of Heliodora's voice,
The former might be mute.

XIII
A TOAST

ΕΓΧΕΙ ΚΑΙ ΠΑΛΙΝ ΕΙΠΕ

[MELEAGER : v, 136]

Fill up! Say twice, say even thrice,
‘To Heliadora this!’

With strongest wine, and neat, combine
That honied name of bliss.

Next circle thou around my brow
That garland drent with myrrh,
That garland gay, of yesterday,
In memory of her.

See from the rose a tearlet flows,
The flower to lovers dear,
Because my fair is other where,
Not on my bosom here.

XIV
ASKLEPIAS

Α ΦΙΛΕΡΩΣ ΧΑΡΟΠΟΙΣ

[MELEAGER : v, 156]

THy blue sparkling eyes, fair lass,
Amorous Asklepias,
Like the calm, woo every ark
On Love’s voyage to embark.

XV

ROD FOR RHODOPE

ΥΨΟΥΤΑΙ ΡΟΔΟΠΗ

(RVFINVS : v, 92)

VAin-faced Rhodopé, when I
Greet her, doth with frown reply :
When with wreaths I crown her door,
Wroth she spurns them on the floor.
Ruthless, wrinkling age, make speed;
Haste, and, where I fail, succeed.

XVI

EROS' ARROWS

ΟΥ ΠΛΟΚΑΜΟΝ ΔΗΜΟΥΣ

[MELEAGER : v, 198]

NAy, nay, by Demo's lock of hair,
By Heliodora's sandal fair,
Nay by the myrrh besprent upon
The door-way of Timarion,
Nay by the dainty laugh that lies
In Antikleia's ox-like eyes,
Nay by Dorothea's wreath new-bound,
No longer, Eros, are there found
Sharp wingèd darts, hid in thy quiver,
For all thy shafts are in my liver.

XVII
DIPLOMACY

ΣΠΕΥΔΩΝ ΕΙ ΦΙΛΕΕΙ ΜΕ

(AGATHIAS, V, 287)

KEen to learn if I had got
Bright Ereutho's love or not,
With success I tried a smart
Stratagem to found her heart.
'I am off,' said I, 'to dwell
In a foreign land, farewell !
Though I leave thee far behind,
Bear our friendship still in mind.'
Up she leapt, and deeply sigh'd,
Smiting on her forehead wide,
Till she tore the clusters fair
Of her neatly-broided hair.
She besought me not to go ;
I, as of persuading slow,
With a love-sick look relent,
Merely nod, and give consent.
Joy ! My purpose thus was gain'd,
And her feelings ascertain'd :
Nay, the boon, that most I wanted,
I, as some great favour, granted.

XVIII
THE SEER
ΕΙΠΟΝ ΕΓΩ

[ANTIPHILOS: v, 111]

I Said so, e'en before now,
That, when Tereinè came
Of age, her charm, then speechless,
Would set all hearts aflame.

But men did scorn the prophet;
And yet the day is here,
Whereof I spake. But long since
She stabb'd me with her spear.

How now? To view her figure
Is faggot-fire; to shun
Her presence, care: to ask her,
Refusal. I'm un-done.

XIX
THE FIRST KISS
ΕΣΠΕΡΙΗΝ ΜΟΙΡΙΣ

[STRATON: xij, 177]

W Hen 'twas time to take my leave,
Moiris kist me yester-eve.
Whether soothly it were so,
Or a dream, I hardly know.

Though the rest is well defined,
And I bear it all in mind,
Every thing whereof she spake,
Or did fond enquiry make,
But and if she kist me too,
Beats me; for, if this be true,
Once caught up to heavenly blifs,
That should be my world, not this.

XX

ONCE I LOVED

ΗΡΑΣΘΗΝ· ΤΙΣ Δ' ΟΥΧΙ;

[PHILODEMOS : v, 112]

Once I loved : and who hath not ?
Revell'd : who ne'er revell'd ?
Nay, was mad, and (God it wot)
Went astray, bedevill'd.
Let be. Into silver thread
Age my black pow turneth,
Messenger of wit instead,
As old gaffer learneth.
When 'twas fooling-time, we fool'd ;
But, when so no longer,
We shall grow, by wisdom school'd,
Better men, and stronger.

XXI

MOTH & CANDLE

ΟΥ ΣΟΙ ΤΟΥΤ' ΕΒΩΝ

(MELEAGER : xij, 132)

CRied I not aloud to thee?
 'Soul, by Venus, thou shalt be
 Ta'en, fond lover, yet, in time,
 Flitting oft mid rods of lime.'
 Thus I cried. Now art thou caught :
 Caitiff, wherefore weep for naught ?
 Love, the master, hath full fast
 Bound thy wings & hath thee cast
 On the coals, and in thy swoon
 Sprinkled thee with myrrh, poor loon,
 And, when thirsty, so me-think,
 Given thee molten tears to drink.

XXII

VELVT INTER IGNES

LVNA MINORES

ΕΓΧΕΙ ΛΥΣΙΔΙΚΗΣ

[MARCUS ARGENTARIUS : V, 110]

TEn cups, boy, will I have ye fill,
 To pledge Lyfidiké;
 Then one more glaſs to toaſt a laſs,
 Euphrantè, dear to me.

Ye'll say, I love the former 'bove
The latter. By the drink
Within the bowl, sweet to my soul,
'Tis falsehood that ye think.
Sith I prefer one such as her
(Euphrantè) more than ten;
For one moon-beam hath brighter gleam
Than all your stars agen.

XXIII

MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE

ΧΘΙΖΑ ΜΟΙ ΕΡΜΩΝΑΣΣΑ

(PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 281)

YEsterday's wine-party o'er,
As on Hermonassa's door
I was pinning of a wreath,
She above, and I beneath,
Water from her cup she hurls,
Disarranging much my curls:
Scarcely in three days might I
Straighten that which hung awry.
Yet was I but flamed the more
By the water; for it bore
From the goblet, whence she sips,
Hid fire from her honey-lips.

XXIV

A NUT-BROWN MAID

MIKKH KAI MEΛANEYΣA

[PHILODEMOS : v, 121]

Phyllis is a little lasf,
 Nut-brown; and a curl ſhe has
 Criſp as parſley; toe to crown,
 Tender-ſleſh'd as thistle-down.

And her voice hath magick tone,
 Winſomer than Venus zone :
 Buxom, all ſhe gives me yearn,
 Oft demanding no return.

Such is Phyllis. Be I holden
 By her ! And, O Cypris golden,
 Write me down her conſtant lover
 Till a better I diſcover.

XXV

AMANTIVM IRÆ

ΔΙΚΛΙΔΑΣ ΑΜΦΕΤΙΝΑΞΕΝ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : v, 256]

GAlateä tother night
 Slamm'd her folding-doors e'en right
 In my face. She ſpake me rough,
 Alſo wiſh'd me far enough.

‘Insult knappeth love in twain.’
So ’tis said, but said in vain.
In me insult stir’d but more
Lover’s madness than before ;
For, whereas I vow’d that I
Would for xij months ne’er draw nigh,
On the morrow (more’s my shame)
As her bedesman swift I came.

XXVI

PRIMAVERA

ΗΔΗ ΛΕΥΚΟΙΟΝ

[MELEAGER : V, 144]

NOW the violet is blowing :
Now the spring-narcissus growing,
Fond of dew ; with daffadilly,
And the mountain-rambler lily.

Now Zenophilé discovers
Beauty, dear unto her lovers,
Rose-bud she of Peitho’s bowers,
Primavera’s flower of flowers.

Meadows, wherefore prank your faces ?
Vain your laughter, smiles, and graces :
For my lassie hath more favour
Than your wreaths, if sweet of favour.

XXVII
LOVE'S SWEETNESS
ΗΔΙΟΝ ΟΥΔΕΝ ΕΡΩΤΟΣ

[NOSSIS : v, 170]

‘ **A**S for sweetnesss, far above
Every other thing is Love :
Love is first, the remnaunt second :
Sour e’en honey-comb be reckon’d.’
So faith Nossis. Whofo be
Dear to Cypris, he or she,
Only ken what manner roses,
And what sweets her bower encloses.

XXVIII
REJECTED
ΝΥΞ ΣΕ ΓΑΡ

(ASKLEPIADES : v, 164)

Night alone shall witness bear
How my friend aggrieved me ;
Niko’s child, how false and fair
Pythias deceived me.

Not unask’d, I sought my pet :
In the like abasement,
Night, may she upbraid thee yet,
Standing by my casement.

XXIX

HIMS ANCIENT & HERS MODERN

ΗΣΙΟΔΟΥ ΠΟΤΕ ΒΙΒΛΟΝ

[MARCUS ARGENTARIUS : ix, 161]

MY Hesiod book one day while I was thumbing,
I saw young Pyrrha suddenly a-coming :
Cried I, my folio flung upon the floor,
'Old Hesiod, of thy *Works & Days* why more ?'

XXX

A REBUFF

ΕΥΚΑΙΡΩΣ ΜΟΝΑΣΑΣΑΝ

[RVFINVS : v, 66]

LO Pródikè ; for, by good luck having caught her
Alone, by her goddess-like knees I besought her,
Crying, 'Rescue a wight with one foot in the pit :
My vital breath faileth ; restore thou me it.'
I speaking, she wept ; but, the tears being dried,
Her dainty hands privily thrust me outside.

THE DUENNA

Η ΓΡΑΥΣ Η ΤΡΙΚΟΡΩΝΟΣ

[AGATHIAS : v, 289]

THrice older than a corbie,
 The beldam (many a tide
 Reprieved by death, in order
 To thorn me in my side)
 Is cruel-hearted, neither
 Is mollified with gold,
 Nor with un-water'd wine-stoup,
 How much so e'er it hold.
 But alway she suspecteth;
 And should she spy her charge,
 My sweet-heart, cast an eye-glance,
 A secret one, at large,
 So bold is her behaviour,
 She flaps upon the face
 Her gentle little mistress
 Bemoaning fore her case.
 Now if, Persephoneia,
 Thou lov'dst indeed the youth
 Adonis, on our common
 Distressful plight have ruth.

Bestow on us two lovers
One favour. Up! and save
My lassie from this crony,
Ere matters grow more grave.

XXXII

AMORIS RETIA CRINES

ΚΕΚΡΥΦΑΛΟΙ ΣΦΙΓΓΟΥΣΙ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 260]

DOth fillet bind thy locks? In fay,
For strong desire I waste away,
Viewing the likenefs (so think me)
Of turret-bearing Cybelé.

Doth on thy head no kerchief rest?
Lo! I have scared from out my breast
My wits uncabin'd, to behold
Thy tresses fair, in colour, gold,

Or if with veil of silver hue
Thou keep thy pendent curls from view,
Less brightly gloweth not the coal
That doth possess and scorch my soul.

A triad thus of Graces wait
Upon thy form in triple state :
For me thine every head-attire
Pours forth his special stream of fire.

XXXII

TAKE CARE, BEWARE

(PHILODEMOS : v, 124)

ΟΥΠΩ ΣΟΙ ΚΑΛΥΚΩΝ

NOt yet is thy summer stript
Of his rose-buds; nor equipt
Is thy tender grape with dark
Blossom, graceful maiden's mark.

But e'en now, Lyfidiké,
Youthful Cupids active be,
Whetting arrows; and hid embers
Are but smould'ring in thy members.

Hapless lovers, take we wing,
Ere the bolt be on the string:
For I augur, as I gaze,
By and by a mighty blaze.

XXXIV

IN THE LIGHT OF TROY

ΙΠΠΟΝ ΑΘΗΝΙΟΝ

[DIOSKORIDES : v, 138]

AThenion sang to me, anent
The fatal horse, a fit:
All Ilium was afire, and brent
Was I along with it,

Not fearing Hellas' ten year toil :
And with your Trojan men,
In that one single blaze and broil,
As they, I perish'd then.

XXXV

A DOUBLE-MINDED MAN

ΑΓΓΕΙΛΟΝ ΤΑΔΕ

[MELEAGER : v, 182]

Tell her, Dorcas once, yea, twice;
Dorcas, tell her even thrice,
Tell her every thing ; in hie
Run, no longer tarry, fly.
Stay a moment, Dorcas, stay;
Whither, Dorcas, haste ye, say,
Ere ye learn my heft at large ?
Add to my already charge
This, nay rather that ; I joke.
Never a word there need be spoke
Saving this : no, out with all ;
Spare for no thing, great nor small.
Yet my post why should ye be ?
Dorcas, I will gang with ye.

XXXVI

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

[ASKLEPIADES : xij, 50]

ΠΙΝ' ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΗ

DRink thou, Asklepiadés :
 Why these tears ? Why ill at ease ?
 Thou art not the only wight,
 Prey to cruel Venus might :
 Nor is thine the only heart
 Prick'd with Cupid's whetted dart :
 Like a living corse, then why
 Here in dust and ash-heap lie ?

XXXVII

MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER

(QUINTVS MÆCIVS : v, 130)

ΤΙ ΣΤΥΓΝΗ

WHy woe-begone, and wherefore tear
 Thus, & in reckless wise, thy hair ?
 Philainis, from thy crystals twain
 Why trickle tears adown as rain ?
 Was it thy fortune to discover
 An other fondled by thy lover ?
 Come, prithee, tell me : for we know
 Some antidotes for such-like woe.

Thou weepest, saying, 'Not for that ;'
But such denial falleth flat :
For tongue may err, but eyes, in sooth,
Bear surer witness to the truth.

XXXVIII
FOR SALE

ΠΩΛΕΙΣΘΩ ΚΑΙ ΜΑΤΡΟΣ

[MELEAGER : V, 178]

SELL him slumb'ring, still at rest
E'en upon his mother's breast.
Why should I maintain this wild,
Snub-nose, sharp-nail, wingèd child,
Now in floods of tears, and after
(Soon agen) in peals of laughter ?
For the rest, it is a froward
Babbler, keen-eyed, rude, untoward,
Buxom not e'en to his mother,
Altogether like none other :
Wherefore let the imp be sold.
If some merchant make so bold,
He is welcome o'er the foam
To convoy his bargain home.
Yet I hear the urchin cry,
See a tearlet in his eye.
Sell thee ? Nay. Be of good cheer :
With Zenophilé stay here.

XXXIX

A LOVE-GARLAND

ΠΛΕΞΩ ΛΕΥΚΟΙΟΝ

(MELEAGER : V, 147)

A Wreath, a wreath ! White violet,
 And tender daffadillies ;
 A wreath of myrtle, interset
 With laughing yellow lilies.

A wreath, with crocus fair to view ;
 A wreath, which eke encloses
 The hyacinth of purple hue,
 And lovers' favourite roses !

'Tis Heliodora, flowers for her ;
 To crown the curls that cluster
 About her temples breathing myrrh ;
 Those locks of matchless lustre.

XL

CHERRY RIPE

ΠΡΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ ΕΣΤΙ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 258]

MOre prefer'd by me, Philinna,
 Is the wrinkle on thy brow
 Than the sap of youth-hood elsewhere ;
 And, with strong desire I trow,

Liefer were thy dead-ripe apples
By my ten-some pickers press'd
Than the firmer, but less tender,
Quinces on some other breast :
For thine autumn still is sheener
Than the spring of all beside ;
And thy winter-glow is hotter
Than an other's summer-tide.

XLI

THAT WINE-CUP

EIMI MEN OY ΦΙΛΟΟΙΝΟΣ

(AGATHIAS : v, 261)

I Am no sot : but thou hast skill
To make me drunken at thy will,
By tasting first, then handing me,
The cup that I receive of thee.
For an thou touch it with thy lip,
'Tis hard to take thereof a sip,
And yet be sober, or escape
The sweet wine-taster and her grape.
For why the goblet, come from thee,
Doth ferry o'er a kiss to me,
Ascribing scent alike and flavour
Not to itself, but to thy favour.

XLII
NEMESIS

IMEPTH MAPIH

[JULIAN, OF EGYPT : V, 298]

MAry's lovely, but, I ween,
Haughty and untoward.
Justice, venerable queen,
Visit thou this froward,
But not flay. In any case
Save her life, till, crinkled
By the flight of years, her face
Be with crow-foot wrinkled.
Justice, may her 'frosty pow'
Venge my tears; her beauty,
Cause of this o'er-bearance now,
Quite her lack of duty!

XLIII
A LOVE-LETTER

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΣ ΤΗ 'ΜΗ

[RVFINVS : V, 9]

RUfinus to my sweetest heart,
My Elpis, Hail to thee!
If hale thou canst be, while thou art
Without my companie.

No longer may I dure my fate,
 [I swear it by thine eyes]
 To lie unyoked from thee, my mate,
 In solitary wife.
 But ay, my cheeks bedaub'd with tears,
 I seek Koreffos chine,
 Or wend where great Diana rears
 Her sanctuary shrine.
 But when to-morrow I agen
 Come home, for good and all,
 I'll fly to view thee. Everywhen
 I pray, Fair thee befall!

XLIV

CONSTANCE

ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΣ ΟΥΚ ΕΡΓΩ

[MAKEDONIOS : v, 247]

COnstance, but only so in name,
 I thought thee once a jewel :
 Now thine unconstant ways I blame,
 To me than death more cruel.
 Thou floutest him who loves thy smile,
 But courtest hard, to make him,
 Who loves thee not, thy slave awhile,
 In order to forsake him.

XLV
THE GARLAND

Ο ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΣ

(MELEAGER : v, 143)

Fading is the garland round
Heliodora's temples bound :
But herself is, as the sheen
Garland of the garland, seen.

XLVI

PARTING

ΣΩΖΕΟ ΣΟΙ ΜΕΛΛΩΝ

(PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : v, 241)

When time to say, Adieu ! love,
I rein my voice anew, love,
And tarry on and on :
Me think the parting irksome,
More dreadful than the mirkfome
Descent to Acheron.

Thou, sun-ray of my being,
Out-shin'st the day- star, seeing
He lacketh speechful tongue :
On thee, whose words are sweeter
To me than Siren metre,
My life, hope, all is hung.

XLVII

THE REPROOF VALIANT

A ΚΥΠΡΙΣ ΜΟΥΣΑΙΣΙ

(ΜΟΥΣΙΚΙΟΣ : ix, 39)

Spake Venus to the Muses nine,
‘Ye girls must worship at my shrine :
Against you else, I, on my part,
Will arm mine Eros with a dart.’

Then spake the Muses nine to her,
‘To Arès let your gab refer :
For we are not the sort of game,
Whereat this ladkin taketh aim.’

XLVIII

FLOWER OF YOUTH

ΙΣΙΑΣ ΗΔΥΠΝΕΥΣΤΕ

[MARCUS ARGENTARIUS : v, 118]

Although, sweet-breathing Ifiäs,
Thy slumbers ten-fold myrrh surpass,
Awake ! In thy dear hand receive
A garland ; which, if fresh this eve,
Will fade [thou’lt see ’t] ere day-break time,
The likeness of your maiden prime.

XLIX

AGATHIAS TO PAUL

ΕΝΘΑΔΕ ΜΕΝ

[AGATHIAS : v, 292]

HEre mantled is the country
In pale-green rich array,
And showing all the beauty
Of fair and fruitful spray.
Here, too, beneath the cypress
With sombre shadow thick,
The mother hen is calling
Her callow brood, the chick.
The fiskin shrill is chirping;
The tree-frog finging clear,
That caroleth his day- hours
Amid the bramble-brere.
And yet herein what pleasure
To me, who but desire
To hear thy speech, or musick
Upon the Delian lyre?
Yea, two-fold is my longing;
For 'twould be merry cheer
To see you, fir, and also
Your child, my honey deer.

For whom my foul is pining :
 But lawyer- work doth part,
And keep the lovyer distant,
 From her his tender hart.

L

PAUL TO AGATHIAS

ΘΕΣΜΟΝ ΕΡΩΣ

(PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 293)

Love hath no law in warfare :
No law, nor aught above.
No matter what, can sever
 The madling from his love.

Now, if the cares of law-court
 Detain you as their guest,
Me-think no mighty passion
 Hath harbour in your breast.

What love is that, when even
 A narrow strait can twin
Your person from the damsel,
 Whom you, for-sooth, would win ?

Leänder, fir, the swimmer,
 Bare witness to the might
Of true-love, when he flouted
 The wave at dead of night.

While, friend, you have the ferry,
And yet would liefer stay
With Pallas, after casting
The Paphian queen away.
Let Pallas mind her law-suit;
Let Venus bill and coo.
Say, who can serve, at one time,
Two ladies, e'en as you ?

LI

FROM HIGH TO LOW

ΜΗΔΕΝ ΑΓΑΝ

(AGATHIAS : v, 299)

‘ **A** Void extremes,’ a wise man said :
But, as some buck or beau,
Admired, I lifted up my head,
And proudsome thoughts also,
And fancied that within my hands
The maiden’s soul and heart
Lay safe. But no : she understands,
May be, the jillet’s art.
And higher still she holds her pate,
And rears her scornful brow,
As if, forsooth, to reprobate
Her doings till to now.

And now the stern and brazen he,
 The man, flow to be sway'd,
 The once high-flier, speedily
 Upon the ground I'm laid.
 And times are alter'd now : for-why
 Before a little dame
 On bended knee I 'Mercy' cry;
 'My youth must bear the blame'.

LII

VIR ET VIRAGO

Θ ΘΡΑΣΥΣ ΥΨΑΥΥΧΗΝ ΤΕ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 300]

THe gallant, proud as turkey-cock,
 With some-time knitted brow,
 A tiny maiden's laughing-stock,
 Lies low a-grov'ling now.

The brave, who once with violence thought
 Successfully to cope
 With feeble girl, himself is brought
 To failure passing hope.

He falls un-mann'd : in woman-wise
 As suppliant he wails :
 She plays the man with angry eyes,
 And o'er the man prevails.

Maid, lion-sprited to the core,
Though righteous is thine ire,
Lo ! Nemesis is at the door :
Quench now thy manly fire.

LIII

LOVE-TOKENS

ΣΟΙ ΤΟΔΕ ΤΟ ΚΡΗΔΕΜΝΟΝ

[AGATHIAS : v, 276]

FOr thee, my love, this kerchief have I brought,
Bespangled o'er with thread of gold in-wrought.

This quoif lie round thy locks; this mantle rest
Above thy shoulder on thy snow-white breast :

Yea, on thy breast, the rather, that it be
A barm-cloth, circling and spread over thee.

This wear as maiden; then, to bride-bed borne,
As mother, bear thou many an ear of corn,

Till I complete my gifts, and on thee bind
A silver tire with costly stones en-twined.

LIV

A PEDIGREE

TI EENON EI

(MELEAGER : v, 180)

WHy strange if Love, the shooter
Of baneful spit-fire dart,
With wanton bitter laughter
Beholds the bleeding heart?

Is not his mother mistress
To Mars, and wedded dame
To Vulcan, hence the comfort
Of sword alike and flame?

Is not the Sea his grandam,
Which, wind-belash'd, I wot,
Roars loudly? With no father,
No son hath he begot.

Hence hath he sparks from Vulcan;
And hence, as raging flood,
His craze for wrath, with weapons
Of warfare dipt in blood.

LV

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR

ΘΕΛΩ ΛΕΓΕΙΝ ΑΤΡΕΙΔΑΣ

[ANACREON]

FAin of Atreus' bairns I'de sing,
 Fain would tell of Cadmus king;
 But my lute hath never a tone
 Save for love, and love alone.
 Lately alter'd I my lyre,
 Strung throughout with other wire:
 Yet when I would lief with these
 Chant the toils of Heraklés,
 In respond my lyre gan play
 Love-lore still. So, Have good day
 Henceforth, heroes! for my lyre,
 Save for love, hath no desire.

LVI

LOTH TO DEPART

ΟΡΘΡΟΣ ΕΒΗ

[ANTIPHILOS: v, 3]

Grey dawn is gone, Chryfilla dear;
 And long ago did Chanticleer
 First usher in, with sounding horn,
 The envious Lady of the Morn.

Most envious of roofers all,
A murrain on thee, cockrel, fall !
For chafing me from home agen
To join the mob of babbling men.

At eld, Tithonus, thou arrivest;
Or else inform me why thou drivest
Thy bed-fere Dawn from out her bower,
While young yet is the mattin hour.

LVII

POT LUCK

ΤΟ ΣΚΥΦΟΣ ΗΔΥ ΓΕΓΗΘΕ

[MELEAGER : V, 171]

Sweetly glad the goblet is;
And it saith, 'Because I kifs,
Mouth to mouth, that tuneful she,
Eros' pet, Zenophilé.'

Happy stoup ! Now were I blest,
If me, lip to lip, she prest,
Draining at one draught the whole
Contents of my inner soul.

LVIII
TOO SLOW
OPOPE TI NYN

[MELEAGER : V, 173]

GRey dawn, adverse to love's emprise,
Why slowly now perform
Thy circuit, when an other lies
Nigh Demo, wrapt full warm?
But, when I arm'd the tender lasfs,
Anon-right up thou wert,
A-shining through the window-glafs,
As glad to do me hurt.

LIX
TOO FAST
OPOPE TI MOI

(MELEAGER : V, 172)

GRey dawn, to love un-toward, why
So soon dost thou appear
About my bed, where, but now, I
Lay warm, my Demo near?
O that thou might'st reverse thy fleet
Day-car, and turn to night,
Thou source of shine, to other sweet,
But bitter to my fight!

For, for Alcmena, once ere now,
And Zeus, thou fettest back
The sun-rise. So thou knowest how
To run a stern-ward track.

LX

COCK-CROW

OPNI TI MOI

[MARCUS ARGENTARIUS : ix, 286]

FOwl, wherefore hast thou reft me
Of flumber-dreams and led
Sweet visions of my Pyrrha
Far from my lonely bed?

Thus, wretch, wilt thou requite me,
Who rear'd thee at Cock-pens,
And fet thee here to lord it
O'er all my laying hens?

Yea, by Sarápis' altar
And wand, thy night-song's o'er;
Thy doom shall be the sanctum
Of him, by whom I swore.

LXI
HERO AND LEANDER

ΟΥΤΟΣ Ο ΛΕΙΑΝΔΡΟΙΟ

(ANTIPATROS : vij, 666)

Here is Leänder's ferry ;
And here his course is shown
Across the channel irksome,
But not to him alone.

Here stood fair Hero's chamber :
Here, traitor in the camp,
On yon tower, now a ruin,
Was hung the lighted lamp.

This tomb contains the ashes
Of both ; but still it is
Their grievance, that the whirl-wind
Once envied them their blifs.

LXII
SWEETS TO THE SWEET

. ΠΕΜΠΩ ΣΟΙ ΜΥΡΟΝ ΗΔΥ

[ANON. v, 91]

THee offer of sweet myrrh I make ;
More for itself, less for thy sake :
For sweeter far than myrrh thou art,
And scent to myrrh e'en canst impart.

LXIII

MOTH AND CANDLE

ΤΗΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΗΧΟΜΕΝΗΝ

[MELEAGER : v, 57]

IF, Love, thou scorch the soul so oft,
That flutters round thy shine,
Thou cruel one, 'twill fly aloft,
It having wings as thine.

LXIV

A RASH VOW

ΩΜΟΣΑ ΜΙΜΝΑΖΕΙΝ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : v, 254]

ISware fore heaven, O damsel bright,
To void thee till the twelf-day night :
In vain. Fore thee [wo worth the morrow]
Twelve hours me seem'd xij months o' sorrow.
But, dear, to quell th' Almighty's rage,
Pray that he write not on his page
The record of my broken vow :
And soothe me with thy favour, thou ;
Left haply, lady, I be brought
Between thy rods, and God's, to nought.

LXV

WAKEFUL NIGHTS

ΠΑΣΑΝ ΕΓΩ ΤΗΝ ΝΥΚΤΑ

[AGATHIAS : V, 237]

A Ll night long I lie moaning;
 And when the morning-glow
 Doth favour me with slumber,
 Brief respite from my woe,
 The swallows twitter round me,
 And throw me into tears
 By banishing that slumber,
 And honied sleep's arrears.
 Like dripping wells, mine eye-lids
 Keep vigil; and the thought
 Again of fair Rhodanthè
 Is to my bosom brought.
 Ye envious chatter-boxes,
 Hush! hush! for 'twas not I
 Who shone from Philomela
 Her tongue in time gone-by.
 But o'er the fell go weep ye
 For Itylos; lament,
 And perch you over Tereus
 The hoopoe's rocky tent;

That I may rest a season;
And haply it shall seem
Mine arms enfold Rhodanthè
If only in a dream.

LXVI

UNREQUITED LOVE

H P A Γ E K A I Σ Y

[AGATHIAS : v, 280]

ANd dost thou, too, Philinna,
Bear heart-ache, and likewise
Dost waste away, and sicken,
Thyself with tearless eyes?
Or to thee is thy slumber
The sweetest thing, while ne'er
Thou takest thought, nor reck'ning,
Of thy poor lover's care?
Like fate, perchance, shall find thee,
And I may view at last
Thy doleful cheek be-sprinkled
With tears a falling fast.
For, in all else, if Cypris
Malignant be, she claims
By heritage one virtue,
Dislike of haughty dames.

LXVII

FULL

ΟΠΛΙΖΕΥ ΚΥΠΡΙ

[ANON., OR ARCHIAS : v, 97]

GO take thy war-shaft, Cyprus' queen,
And stalk some other hart :
For I have no more room, not e'en
For yet one hurtful dart.

LXVIII

LILY

ΕΙΘΕ ΚΡΙΝΟΝ ΓΕΝΟΜΗΝ

(THEOPHANES : xv, 35)

A Lily white I'de be,
That thou might'st handle me,
And glut my will to rest
Content on thy bare breast.

LXIX

ROSE

ΕΙΘΕ ΡΟΔΟΝ ΓΕΝΟΜΗΝ

[ANON. v, 84]

A Pink Rose would I be,
That thou might'st handle me,
And grant me on thy chest,
'Tis snow-white, there to nest.

LXX

THE FIVES-COURT

ΣΦΑΙΡΙΣΤΑΝ ΤΟΝ ΕΡΩΤΑ

(MELEAGER : v, 214)

E Ros, whom I keep and rear,
 Plays at ball. To thee, my dear
 Heliodora, he doth throw
 My poor throbbing heart. Then, O
 Take Love-longing, an 't may be,
 For his play-mate. But from thee
 If thou cast me, I will bear
 Such false wanton foul play ne'er.

LXXI

HER CHARMING GIRDLE

ΑΥΤΗ ΣΟΙ ΚΥΘΕΡΕΙΑ

(ANTIPHANES : vj, 88)

F Or thee herself Cythéra
 Did from her bosom loose
 Her charming girdle, Ino,
 And gave it thee for use,
 To conquer men by aidance
 Of her ay-witching zone;
 But thou hast plied it wholly
 Against me, me alone,

LXXII
A PANIC
ΑΡΠΑΣΤΑΙ

(MELEAGER : xij, 147)

KIdnapt. Who, except a savage
Dare assay such deed of ravage ?
Who so bold to come to blows,
Drawing sword, e'en with Erós ?
Quickly, lights ! And yet, who stirs ?
Foot-steps ? Heliodora : hers.
Turn, my soul, unto thy rest ;
Lodge again within my breast.

LXXIII
DEATH, AS FRIEND
ΤΟΥΘ' Ο ΤΙ ΜΟΙ

[ASKLEPIADES : xij, 166]

YE Loves, whate'er is left me,
Is left me, of my heart,
Fore heav'n, to gain me quiet,
Discharge me, art and part.
Else, ply me not with arrows,
But shoot with thunder-stones,
And, once for all, to ashes
And dust consume my bones.

Yea, make me, Loves, your target ;
For I, dried up with care,
These bolts, and even sharper,
[If such there be] will bear.

LXXIV

THE BITER BIT

ΤΟΝ ΚΛΕΠΤΑΝ ΠΟΤ' ΕΡΩΤΑ

[THEOCRITVS : XIX]

ON a day that little thief
Eros this way came to grief.
He was with his fingers five
Filching honey from a hive,
When an angry bee on wing
Dealt his finger-tip a sting.
On the place he blew in pain,
Blew, and stamp'd his foot again,
Then to Aphroditè flew,
To expose his wound to view,
Fretful that a fly so small
Own'd a sword so sharp withal.
'Son,' with smiling cheer quod she,
'Thou resemblest yonder bee ;
For a little lad thou art,
But canst make men greatly smart.'

LXXV

ANYHOW

ΕΙΤΕ ΣΕ ΚΥΑΝΕΗΣΙΝ

[ANON. v, 26]

S Hould thy ringlets, O my queen,
Glisten black as ebon sheen;
Should again thy tresses wax
Yellow as the thread of flax;
Either way alike, from both
Beauty beameth. On my troth
E'en if snow-white grew thine hair,
Still would it be Eros' lair.

LXXVI

THE WATCH-DOG

ΓΡΑΙΑ ΦΙΛΗ ΘΡΕΠΤΕΙΡΑ

(DIOTIMOS : v, 106)

B Eldam, nurse to Philè, why
Yap you when I venture nigh?
Wherefore make my trouble fore
Double that it was before?

For your charge is wonder fair;
And suppose I foot it where

She hath trodden, I purfue
Mine own path-way : that is true.

E'en to fcan that form 'tis fweet :
Wherefore grudge mine eye a treat ?
Wretch, if goddeffes may be
Seen of mortal, fo may fhe.

LXXVII

A THREAT

ΛΑΜΠΑΔΑ ΘΕΙΣ

[MOSCHOS : iv, 200]

L Aying down his torch and bow,
Love, on mifchief bent, would go :
Bullock-drover's goad he bore,
Wallet on his fhoulder wore.

Under yoke he then gan link
Oxen ufed to fweat and fwink :
After fowing grains of wheat
O'er the furrow, Ceres' feat,

Eyes upraifed, to Zeus himfelf,
'Fill mine acre,' cried the elf;
'Elfe Europa's bull fhall bow
Back and fide beneath my plow.'

LXXVIII
CAUGHT

ΚΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΡΩΣ

[MELEAGER : xi], 113]

E'En Love himself, who flies
Mid air, a captive lies,
Ta'en with Timarion's eyes.

LXXIX

LOST LABOUR

ΤΑΔ' ΥΠΟ ΤΑΣ ΠΛΑΤΑΝΟΥΣ

[MARIANOS : ix, 627]

Hither, neath this plane-tree, weary
Eros came, and fell asleep,
Slumb'ring gently, after handing
To the Nymphs his torch, to keep.
Cried the Nymphs here one to other,
'What delay we? Why not quench
Once for all the fire tormenting
Heart of mortal, man or wench?'
Yet the torch but het the fountain;
And the Love-maids' water-pot
Drew from thence, for bath hereafter,
No more water cold, but hot.

LXXX

LOSS OF ARGENT

ΗΡΑΣΘΗΣ ΠΛΟΥΤΩΝ

(MARCUS ARGENTARIUS : V, 13)

R Ich Socrates, thou once waft loved by many ;
 But, waxen poor, art not desired by any :
 Bare cupboards are to friendship poison, fir.
 Menophila, who some time term'd thee, 'Myrrh',
 'An absolute Adonis', her 'Sweet-heart',
 Now strangely asketh, who on earth thou art,
 And whence thou camest. Learn then, to thy cost,
 With loss of Fortune, Friendship too is lost.

LXXXI

OPSIMATHY

Ο ΠΡΙΝ ΑΜΑΛΘΑΚΤΟΙΣΙΝ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 224]

T Ho', as youth, I renounced with inflexible mien
 Pleasant rule of that gad-fly, the Paphian queen,
 Whilere proof to Love's bone-fretting arrow, see now
 Middle-agèd, my neck to thee, Venus, I bow.
 Take me ; gibe more than ever, now Pallas the wife
 Hath again lost the apple, Hesperidés prize.

LXXXII

LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE

ΥΠΝΩΟΙΣ ΕΠΙ ΠΟΥΛΥΝ

(ANON. APP. iij, 170)

Long, Eros, mayst thou sleep!
 For, be thy slumber deep,
 'Tis truce; awhile my heart
 Hath respite from thy dart.
 But should thy weary breast
 Awake, forsaken rest,
 With him we sympathize,
 First views thine opening eyes.

LXXXIII

A GARGLE

ΣΤΕΦΟΣ ΠΛΕΚΩΝ

(JULIAN, PREFECT : ANTH. PLAN. vij, 338)

While a subtil wreath I tied,
 Mid the roses Love I spied :
 Him, by either wing be-gript,
 For the nonce, in wine I dipt.
 Then I took the mazer up,
 Drank thereof, and drain'd the cup.
 Now within me 'tis my doom
 To be tickled with his plume.

LXXXIV

LAUS VENERIS

ΗΔΥ ΘΕΡΟΥΣ

(ASKLEPIADES : V, 169)

Sweet in summer thirsty souls
 Reckon drink from icy bowls :
 Sweet when, after wintering,
 Ship-men eye the Crown of spring :
 But 'tis sweetest, when a lover
 And his lass, the self-same cover
 Sheltering twain, together raise
 Hymns in Aphrodite's praise.

LXXXV

CAVETO

ΦΕΥΓΕΤΕ ΤΟΞΟΦΟΡΟΝ

(ANON. APP. 379)

SHun this bow-man as your foe-man ;
 Eros' wound it hath a smart :
 And his arrow, to the marrow,
 Pierceth every human heart.

Aliter

SHun this archer Eros' dart,
 Stabbing, hurting every heart.

(57)

LXXXVI

CARPE DIEM

ΦΕΙΔΗ ΠΑΡΘΕΝΙΗΣ

(ASKLEPIADES : v, 85)

WHy spare thy maiden-hood for nought ?
 For ne'er shalt thou discover,
 Fair damfel, when to Hadès brought,
 A husband there, or lover.

Amid the living only, maid,
 May Venus joys be gotten :
 And once in Acherontic shade,
 We, dust and ashes, rotten.

LXXXVII

LOVE, THE VICTOR

ΚΕΙΜΑΙ · ΛΑΞ ΕΠΙΒΑΙΝΕ

[MELEAGER : xij, 48]

I Am down : thou, cruel deil,
 Tread my neck below thy heel.
 God wot, I am well aware
 How thy heavy weight to bear,
 How to brave thy fiery dart ;
 But no shooting, on thy part,
 Now can scorch my soul, whose tinder
 Is entirely ash and cinder.

FIRE & SNOW

ΑΨΥΧΗ ΒΑΡΥΜΟΧΘΕ

[MELEAGER : xi], 134]

HA! suffering foul, now friest
 Thou in the fire, and then
 Incontinent revivest,
 And drawest breath agen.

Why weep? When thou wast nursing
 Unkind Love on thy lap,
 Thou knew'st that thou wast nursing,
 To thine own hurt, some hap.

Thou knew'st it. Now, in payment
 Of thy good service, know,
 Fond nurse, that thou receivest
 Hot coals with icy snow.

So would'st thou have it. Suffer
 The pain : 'tis right, poor foul,
 To drink, e'en as thou brewedst,
 His sweet, but burning, bowl.

IPSE DIXIT

Α ΜΕΓΑΛΑ ΜΟΙ ΚΥΠΡΙΣ

[BION : ii.]

MIghty Cypris stood one day
Near me, while asleep I lay;
And she led, at her command,
Little Eros by the hand;
Like a child, he droop'd his head.
'Dear my neat-herd,' Cypris said,
'Take, and teach my boy for me,
How to make sweet melodie.'
Whereupon away she flew.

On my song-love flock I drew,
Teaching that I fondly thought
Eros gladly would be taught:
How we owe the pipe to Pan,
How with Hermès harps began:
How Athenè 'vented fluting,
How Apollo father'd luting.
Though I spake as any book,
Small regard my scholar took,
But anon himself began
Love-lays touching god and man.

Turning teacher, he declares
Some, his mother's, love-affairs,
Till I could remember naught
Of the lessons I had taught.
But his love-tales, to my smart,
These too well I learnt by heart.

XC

TEARS

ΑΥΤΟΥ ΜΟΙ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΙ

[ASKLEPIADES : V, 145]

THere, there, my garlands, hang ye,
Beside this double door :
There stay, nor quickly scatter
Your leaves upon the floor.

Ye're bathed in tears; for showery
The eyes of lovers are :
But, when ye see him enter,
The folding gate a-jar,

Drop o'er his head my rain-drops,
That so, the better so,
At least his auburn hair-locks
May drink my tears' o'er-flow.

XCI

CONTRARY

ΩΓΡΕΥΤΗΣ ΕΠΙΚΥΔΕΣ

(KALLIMACHOS : xi j, 101)

EPikydès, on the the chace
 'Tis the hunter's wont to trace,
 Making use of rime and snow,
 Slot of every hind and roe,
 Prick of every mountain hare.
 If man cry, 'Lo ! master, there
 Lies a deer already hit,'
 He will never look at it.
 So my love knows how to sue
 Fleeing game, full cry and hue ;
 But, if hart before him lie,
 He doth wing his way thereby.

XCII

A TIME TO LOVE

ΚΕΚΡΟΠΙ ΡΑΙΝΕ

[POSEIDIPPOS : v, 134]

JAr of Athens, drip thy dewy
 Moisture of the vine, nor spare :
 Drip in dew-drops o'er the banquet,
 Whither each doth bring his share.

Silence, Zeno's learnèd swan-song !
Let Kleänthes' Muse be dumb :
Of our thoughts let sweetly-bitter
Eros make the total sum.

XCIH

LED CAPTIVE

ΧΡΥΣΗΣ ΕΙΡΥΣΣΑΣΑ

(PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 230)

DOris, having pluckt a hair
From her tresses golden fair,
Bound my hands, as I had been
Captive of a victor-queen.

At the first I fool gan scoff
At my chain, could shake it off,
Reckoning 'twould not be hard
To escape my lovely guard.

But, whenas I fail'd for strength,
Out aloud I groan'd at length,
As with brazen shackle bound
Indissolubly around.

Now my life, thrice ill-bested,
Hangeth on a single thread :
Oft I 'm drawn o'er holt and hill,
At my tyrant-lady's will.

XCIV
A WRECK
ΕΙ ΤΟΥΣ ΕΝ ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ

[ANON. v, 11]

IF to the sailor on the sea
Thou lend'st a saving hand,
Me also, friendly Venus, save,
A ship-wreck on dry land.

XCV
TO-MORROW
ΑΥΡΙΟΝ ΑΘΡΗΣΩ ΣΕ

[MAKEDONIOS: v, 233]

TO-morrow I'll look on thee, fir.'
But ne'er see I the day,
While this thy custom to defer
Doth grow upon thee ay.
Thus thou repay'st my strong desire:
While others from thee gain
This gift or that, I, thy true squire,
Receive but sheer disdain.
'At even-tide I'll see thee, friend.'
What 's woman's even-tide?
Old age, and visage, with none end
Of wrinkles scarified.

XCVI
POVERTY AND LOVE

ΚΑΙ ΠΕΝΗ ΚΑΙ ΕΡΩΣ

[ANON. v, 49]

ERos and Need (the pair)
Handle me badly :
Empty purse I can bear
Easily, gladly.
But as for Love, to wit,
Venus' hot fuel,
I cannot stomach it :
Love is too cruel.

Aliter

Need and Love disturb my days :
Need, I shall out-ride it
Easily. But Venus' blaze,
I can ne'er abide it.

XCVII

THAT KISS

ΚΟΥΡΗ ΤΙΣ ΜΕ ΦΙΛΗΣΕΝ

[ANON. v, 304]

TWard evenfall with luscious lip
There kist me one fair maiden :
That kiss was sweet as nectar-sip,
Whereof her breath was laden.
So much I quaff'd that now I can
But reel for love, as drunken man.

XCVIII

MOON-LIGHT

ΝΥΚΤΕΡΙΝΗ ΔΙΚΕΡΩΣ

[PHILODEMOS : V, 123]

MOon, nocturnal queen, two-hornèd,
Fond of dalliance all night,
Shine, O shine thou, through the window
Lattice-work, with quivering light.

Shed on goldy-lock't Kallistion
Lustre; for a goddess may
Bend an eye adown on lovers,
Nor begrudge them sport & play.

Her, and me alsó, [I know it]
Thou, O Moon, dost blest us both,
For thy soul, too, by Endymion
Once was fired, and no thing loth.

XCIX

AU REVOIR

ΗΟΥΣ ΑΓΓΕΛΕ

(MELEAGER : xi], 114)

FAre thee well ! Lucifer, herald of day.
Quickly, as Hesperus, show me thy ray,
Bringing again, and in secret, that she,
Whom in the meanwhile thou filchest fro' me.

FOUND OUT

NAI TAN KYPPIN

[MELEAGER : V, 179]

YEs, Eros, I swear it, by Cypris here,
 To make one bon-fire of all thy gear;
 Both yew-bow, & quiver, & eke the stand
 Of arrows, benempt after Scythian land:
 Yea, burn up the lot. Why vainly leer?
 Why-turn up that snub nose wi' saucy sneer?
 Why grin like a dog? May be thou wilt smile
 Tother side of thy mouth in a little while.
 For verily I will clip thy pinions,
 So swift to lead folk into Love's dominions:
 Will rivet a fetter, securely bound
 With brass, all about thy feet around.
 And yet but a victor Cadmeän I'de be,
 If I made my soul a near neighbour to thee,
 'The lynx nigh the shippon.' So off! full soon.
 Go, hard to be conquerèd; take thy light shoon,
 And spread thy fleet wing o'er other some loon.

CI

DICE-BOX

ΜΑΤΡΟΣ ΕΤ' ΕΝ ΚΟΛΠΟΙΣΙΝ

[MELEAGER : xij, 47]

STill a babe in arms, one day
Early, Love at dice would play,
Play'd, and gamed my life away.

CII

WEARY PARTING

ΕΥΦΟΡΤΟΙ ΝΑΕΣ

[MELEAGER : xij, 53]

YE argosies with goodly freights,
That plow the Hellespontic straits,
When Boreäs with friendly gale
Hath fill'd the belly of your sail,
When off the Isle of Kos ye be,
If haply on the shore ye see
My Fanny casting wistful glance
This way o'er ocean's broad expanse,
Tell her, ye gallant keels, from me,
That Love convoys me not by sea
As sailer, but a-foot I fare.
Thus saying, good news will ye bear ;

And straightway Zeus, his breath dead aft,
Shall speed the canvas of your craft.

CIIL

CABIN'D

ΗΙΘΕΟΙΣ ΟΥΚ ΕΣΤΙ

[AGATHIAS : V, 297]

YOUNG men have not so heavy
A burden-load of care
As that which we poor maidens,
The weaker vessels, bear.

For men are blest with comrades,
To whom they may impart
With confidence their secret
Distresses of the heart :

And they have games for pastime,
May walk the publick ways,
And lounge where gaudy pictures
Are open to your gaze.

But we, denied e'en sun-light,
Are buried in a room,
To fret away our spirits
In fancies, born of gloom.

CIV
THE FAIR

ΑΥΤΟΙ ΤΗΝ ΑΠΑΛΗΝ

(POSEIDIPPOS, *or* ASKLEPIADES : v, 194)

A Lone the Amoretti
Beheld thee, jimp and gent
Eirenion, when from Venus'
Gilt arbour forth they went.

From curl to foot thy figure
Like marble statue show'd,
And, fraught with graces, proper
Of virgin honour, glow'd.

Then, taking aim at springalls,
Each Amoret let go
A quiver-ful of arrows
From off his dark strung bow.

CV
HOPE DEFERRED

ΩΜΟΛΟΓΗΣ' ΗΞΕΙΝ

(ASKLEPIADES : v, 150)

Niko, household word to all,
'Greed t' arrive at even-fall :
And she sware it by augúst
Ceres, that law-fetter just.

Yet no Niko. On his beat
Went the watch-man down the street.
Was 't her will to break her vow?
Dout the lamp, boys, any how.

CVI

RIVALS

ΠΑΝΤΑ ΣΕΘΕΝ ΦΙΛΩ

(RVFINVS : v, 283)

ALl things about thee I adore,
Excepting this, which I abhor :
Eyes un-discrete, and glad to look
On rivals, whom I cannot brook.

CVII

PAN

ΑΝΘΕΤΟ ΣΟΙ ΚΟΡΥΝΗΝ

(ANON. v, 87)

OUr Pan hath made thee, Bacchus, heir
To his fawn-skins and crook :
For, taken in some heart-affair,
Thy dance he hath forfook.
He, mad for Echo, is astray :
But pardon him, and note
That thou thyself didst on a day
Row in the self-same boat.

CVIII

YOUTH

ΛΟΥΣΑΜΕΝΟΙ ΠΡΟΔΙΚΗ

[RVFINVS : v, 12]

HAVING bathed, and bound our hair,
 Prodiké, with chaplet fair,
 Lift we larger cups of sweet
 Chian, to be taken neat.

Short is this our life of gladness;
 Ere long will old age with sadness
 Check the remnaunt. Then, my friend,
 Look for death : and there an end.

CIX

SIESTA

ΑΧΗΕΙΣ ΤΕΤΤΙΕ

[MELEAGER : vij, 196]

AH ! voiceful cricket, drunken
 With dew-drop, wont to play
 Thy rustic song, that parleth
 O'er lonely bank and brae,
 High perch'd on tip of green-leaf,
 Thou, with thy swarthy skin,
 And saw-like shank-piece, pluckest
 Thy ringing mandolin.

Well, sweeting, prithee utter
A new lay, to inspire
The Wood-Nymphs : and, in answer
To Pan pipe, tune thy lyre :

That I, avoiding Eros,
May snatch a nap, full fain,
At high noon-day reclining
Beneath a shady plane.

CX

A GROVE

ΑΛΣΟΣ Δ' ΩΣ ΙΚΟΜΕΣΘΑ

(PLATO : ANTH. PLAN. 210)

TO a shady shaw we came,
And discover'd in the same
Cypris son, was there to view
Apple like of ruffet hue.
Quiver, bow, and arrow he
Had suspended from a tree.
While himself, mid roser gay
Smiling, fast on slumber lay,
Golden bees o'er-head seek mel
On his sweet lip for their cell.

(73)

CXI

XANTHIPPE

ΨΑΛΜΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΛΑΛΙΗ

(PHILODEMOS : v, 131)

XAnthippe's voice, lay, tell-tale look & lyre,
And [O my soul] her now but dormant fire,
Will scorch thee yet ; whence, how & whenadays
Who knows ? But, caitiff, wait & feel the blaze.

CXII

USED UP

ΟΥΚ ΕΙΜ' ΟΥΔ' ΕΤΕΩΝ

(ASKLEPIADES : vj, 46)

NOt two-and-twenty yet I be,
But of my life I tire :
Why, Amoretti, hurt ye me,
And fet my heart a-fire ?

For, Amoretti, what would you,
If death, peraunter, met me ?
Ye 'd play at dice as hitherto,
['Tis certain] and forget me.

CXIII

ARISTE

ΜΗΝΗ ΧΡΥΣΟΚΕΡΩΣ

[MARCUS ARGENTARIUS : v, 16]

THou, golden-hornèd moon, canst well attest,
And ye, fire-stars, that show on Ocean's breast,
Bear witness how Aristè, sweet as myrrh,
Has gone, and put me far away from her.

Since then six days are past; and I, her lover,
Have fail'd my fair enchantress to discover.
But now, for thorough search, I'll set a pack
Of Cypris' silver sleuth-hounds on her track.

CXIV

TWO TO ONE

ΩΠΛΙΣΜΑΙ ΠΡΟΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ

(RVFINVS : v, 93)

TO combat Love, my armour
Is Reason's coat of mail :
Thus Love in single conflict
Shall o'er me ne'er prevail.

But if he call in Bacchus,
His second and ally,
Immortals twain against me,
One mortal, what can I?

CXV

TIME, THE AVENGER

ΟΥΤΩΣ ΥΠΝΩΣΑΙΣ

[KALLIMACHOS : v, 23]

THUS mayst thou sleep, Konopion,
E'en as disconsolate
As thou dost make me slumber,
A-shivering at thy gate.

Thus mayst thou sleep, false lady,
As now thou lullest me,
Thy leman; thou ne'er showing
One dream of sympathy.

I have thy neighbours' pity,
Not thine : but hoary hair
Shall by and by remind thee
Of all this whole affair.

CXVI

THE SLAVE-DRIVER

ΔΕΙΝΟΣ ΕΡΩΣ

[MELEAGER : v, 176]

LOve is cruel, cruel, yea:
Groaning oft, what use to say
Thousand thousand times a day,
Love he hath a cruel way?

For, in sooth, this glads the boy:
Much abuse but gives him joy:
If I utter words of strife,
'Tis to him as meat to life.

And 'tis marvellous in our eyes,
How Dame Venus, which did rise
From the deep blue ocean, came
Out of foam to gender flame.

CXVII

HONEY-BEE

ΑΝΘΟΔΙΑΙΤΕ ΜΕΛΙΣΣΑ

[MELEAGER : v, 163]

Bloom-fed bee, why dost thou seek
Touch of Heliodora's cheek,
Utterly abandoning
Chaliced flowers that bud in spring?
Mean'st thou that e'en Cupid's dart,
Past endurance, sting of heart,
Bitter ay as taste of gall,
Yet hath sweetness therewithal?
Yes; me think thou sayest, Yea.
Ah! fond lover, hence away!
Get thee homeward! We, heigho!
Knew thy message long ago.

CXVIII

THE ORACLE

ΗΔΗ ΦΙΑΤΑΤΕ

[MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: vi, 333]

ANd mean'st thou, dear mine oil-lamp,
Just now by sneezing thrice,
Antigoné, my sweet-heart,
Is coming in a trice?

If so, beside his tripod,
I shall compare thee, then,
With mighty King Apollo,
True oracle to men.

CXIX

PHYLLIS

ΟΜΜΑΤΑ ΦΥΛΛΙΣ

[KOMETAS: v, 265]

ONce Phyllis track'd the barque that bare
Demóphoön, who falsely swore
To come again, nor leave her:
But now ashore, 'tis other ways:
The man is true, while Phyllis plays
The fair, but false, deceiver.

CXX

A MATCH

ΟΥΤΟΣ Ο ΤΟΝ ΔΑΛΟΝ

(ANON. iv, 209)

You that fan the smoking cinder,
 Light for lantern so to raise,
 Light it from my heart, as tinder,
 Here already full in blaze.

CXXI

WOUNDED

ΕΛΚΟΣ ΕΧΩ

[MAKEDONIOS : v, 225]

I Am a wounded lover,
 And from my wound there flows
 The tear-drop of my life-blood :
 My gash no staunching knows.
 For I am at my wits' end
 Through misery indeed ;
 And no Maehaon salves me
 With balm such as I need.
 Maid, be my true Achilles ;
 See Telephus in me ;
 And with thy beauty quiet
 My heart-fore, due to thee.

CXXII
ROSE-GIRL

Η ΤΑ ΡΟΔΑ

[DIONYSIOS : v, 81]

THou rose- girl, fair as any rose,
What hawkeft thou? Say, whether
Thy fair-ship, or the flower that blows?
Or self and rose together?

CXXIII
KILL, OR CURE

Η ΤΟ ΦΙΛΕΙΝ

[LVCILIVS, *or* POLEMON : v, 81]

ONce for all I say, Adieu, Love!
Save I gain her as my true-love,
Eros, view my passion; end it,
Or with love requited blend it.

CXXIV
A CRUEL

ΙΕΟΝ ΕΧΕΙΣ

(MELEAGER : v, 95)

THy kifs is as the lime-rod cruel,
Thine eyes are coals alive;
Thy look, Timarion, is as fuel,
Thy touch as brazen gyve.

CXXV
RECIPE

ΟΤΑΝ ΘΕΛΗ ΤΙΣ

(PALLADAS : ix, 508)

Who would see a merry day,
Hath but to meet thee on his way :
But who a sorry day would spend,
Not meeting thee, attains his end.

CXXVI
VERBUM SAPIENTI

ΠΛΑΣΤΟΝ ΕΧΕΙΣ

[PALLADAS : ix, 385]

Our love for me is feignèd ;
You kiss, by fear constrained :
But love-knot, thus adjusted,
Can least of all be trusted.

CXXVII
FEMINA

ΠΑΣΑ ΓΥΝΗ

[ANON. x, 120]

More than man, each woman's heart
Feels the sting of Eros' dart :
But she hides her love for shame,
Madly loving all the same.

CXXVIII

SHE-DRAGON

ΦΕΥ ΦΕΥ, ΚΑΙ ΤΟ ΛΑΛΗΜΑ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : V, 262]

AH! Envy, love, forbids us
If but one honied word;
Barrs privy looks, that tell tales,
Although no speech be heard.

Here standing we do marvel
To view a crony nigh,
Like Argos, Iö's cow-herd,
On guard with many an eye.

Stand there, spy from thy watch-tower;
Dame, rend thy heart for nought:
Within thy range of eye-fight
Our souls can ne'er be brought.

CXXIX

WHO IS SHE ?

ΑΙΕΙ ΜΟΙ ΔΙΝΕΙ

(MELEAGER : V, 212)

ALway buzzing in mine ear
Sound of Eros do I hear:
While, for love-sick thoughts, mine eyes
Sweetly gush in silent wife.

Neither night nor day, I vow,
Grant me rest; for some where now
Is a well-known form, by art
Magick, stamp'd upon my heart.

Wingèd Loves, how is 't ye ken
Thus to swoop on hapless men?
But, for flight away, your strength
Cannot e'en one furrow-length.

CXXX

LOVE & MUSICK

ΑΔΥ ΜΕΛΟΣ

[MELEAGER : v, 139]

Sweet melodie, Zenophilé,
Upon the harp thou makest;
O'er-sweet, by Pan th' Areadiän,
The tune is that thou wakest.

Ha! Whither may I from thee? Say.
On every hand beside me
The Loves ne'er cease to vex my peace,
E'en breathing-space denied me.

For with thy form my heart by storm
Was ta'en, or with thy lyre-a,
Or grace, or how say I? 'Twas thou:
Thy whole self lit my fire-a.

CXXXI

HANDICAPT

ΦΕΥΓΕΙΝ ΔΕΙ ΤΟΝ ΕΡΩΤΑ

(ARCHIAS : v, 58)

Love must be eschew'd : ye say.
Vain the task; because how may
Man afoot, hard-hunted, shun
An immortal wingèd one?

CXXXII

TO WORLD'S END

ΕΙ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΛΟΤΕΡΩ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : v, 201]

E'En if thou plant thy foot beyond
Afar-off Meroë,
On mighty wings of Love, thy fond
True-love, I'll fly to thee.

E'en if thou walk the East countré,
Where dawneth day [whose hue
Is thine], o'er countless leagues I'll be
Afoot, thee there to view.

CXXXIII

WEDDED BLISS

ΤΗ ΠΑΦΙΗ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΥΣ

[AGATHIAS : vi, 59]

FOr Venus are the garlands;
For Pallas are the curls :
For Artemis this girdle
Kallirrhoë unfurls.

For she hath found the husband
Of her desire, her joy;
And, come in youth to wisdom,
Hath borne a baby-boy.

FINIS

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ERRATA

¶ On page 14, line 22, read Moiris halfed me; on p. 31, l. 15, ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΣ; on p. 35, l. 10, after above turn the full point into a comma; on p. 37, l. 11, lege ΟΘΡΑΣΥΣ ΥΨΑΥΧΗΝ ΤΕ; on p. 62, l. 5, delete a the; on the page facing 89, the no. thereof should be 88, not 87. On p. 26, l. 5, Asklepiades' name is mis-spelt.



